PLEASURE'S VAIN PURSUIT.

NOMEN TELL OF THEIR TRIALS SUMMER RESORTS.

a Burden of Ruined Clothes.-The Revolt of Manualles. The Walter Who Resented an Inselt and the Girl Who Drowned Her Grief. Tim fired to death and giad to get home the thing little woman, "Talk or going away to get rested. My physician demoved I was on the verge of nervous prostra-

and the first of June, and told me to get out town and do nothing for three months. As ic knew anything about a debutante daughter). It such a to me I have scarcely been in bed for the last month at all, and I am really worse of than when I went away. I am going to sicep for one solid week,"

Well, I'm as glad to get back as you are." the tall women, "but I thank heaven I and deputable laughter this season, not but what I we been through it all in my time. My or reason for being glad to get back is that my clother are actually in rags, and I have not a ching to wear, a serious fact, I assure to my dear. You know we divided our time seen the mountains and the senshere, and what with bathing, riding, walking, driving, card parties, and accidenta, every gown I have my name is frayed, run down at the beels, draggied, torn, and otherwise demolished as if had been run through a sausage factory I was positively thankful to have a whole gown

So was I," said the pretty brunette, "and I was even worse of. My only decent remaining gown that I was carefully keeping for the last german had a hole burned in the front breadth by my maid while she was cleaning it, and I had to go to bed and send regrets."

"The whole thing isn't worth it, anyhow," sald the tall woman, with an air that settled the who o matter, "I was really bored to death all weeks ago, but I thought I would stay my time out once more and never do it again. You needn't smile; it's so. Tom got disgusted in just ten days, and declared that if he didn't get back to town and settle down to work again he would have a fit; and, what's more, every man I knew this whole summer said practically the same thing. Positively, at the last resort we visited I don't believe there was a man there who had come of his own free will, "And that isn't all," said the handsome gray

haired woman. "Men are no longer what they were when I was a girl. They do not devote themselves to women like they used to. Instead of courting them and dancing attendance at every beck and turn, they are out on the ing horseback or the bleycle, hunting, fishing, walking, driving, and doing a dozen other things, and when they are not doing those things they are off in a corner smoking, read ing the paper, or hobnobbing with a lot of congental souls anything to get out of coing to the hallroom or the casino in the evening, for, of course, after spending a day at hard work on can make the excuse that they are tired. their bigyele togs in the evening, and men are so scarce that the women are just as sweet to them as if they were in proper evening clothes. "I never saw anything like it," assented the

plump woman. "I believe it has been the same verywhere this summer. For a woman of my age, not in the gay which the only relief was to lear the current gossin and make notes of peoile. And that reminds me of a story, My usia came down to see me at that swell Southarn resort we visited, where you cannot be introduced to any one without being told his ancentry onck to John Maraball or Henry Clay or one body like that. I got rather tired of it, but you know these Southerners are so charming that one dozan't mind it after a while. There were a cumber of representatives of the F. F. 's there, and the first evening we went down to dinner my cousin, who had never been South before, said: 'Now, Fanny, I wish you would point out some of those most distinguished per sons to line. I want to see what they look like." The first one who came in was old Gen.

He is about 70, had an arm shot off in His ancestry dates back to the Norman Conquest or somewhere about there, and he is an idol in the South. Having unconsciously imbibed some of the true Southern spirit, I whispered these facts to my cousin in an awestruck tone lie looked hard through his cyeglasses and said nothing. The next one was a woman who is connected either by blood or marriage with nearly every family of prominence in the South. the was a beauty and a belle in her day, and she still has a fine figure, but when her complexton fell off she went to Paris and was enamelled. and now it doesn't fall off any more. She looks like an advertisement for a dye house. I told my cousin about her. He laid down his knife and fork, looked at her, and said nothing. So it went on; one was a woman who was related to three Presidents, now a professional chapgrone; another was the wife of a millionaire. but uply enough to stop the Empire State express. My cousin stood about half a dozen of sem and then said: "That'll do, Fanny. For heaven's sake show me something good and

"There's no telling what you will find at these places," said the brunette. "There was a choice assorted but up at the lake where I was for a while, and among them was a girl who claimed to be 'so athletic, but who was presently referred to by the women as 'that bold creature.' She had a voice like a peacock, stuck her heels down when she walked, and drank cocktails with the men. Hoth mother and daughter made all sorts of protensions, but even I was taken aback when the mother said to me one morning: 'I am so glad you are fend of poetry. My daughter is such a society girl that you wouldn't think how literary she is, but she has fite of inspiration and just dashes off poems that the ungazines accept!"
"One really has to get used to everything." There's no telling what you will find at dashes off poems that the magazines accept!

One really has to get used to everything," said he tait woman. "I had become acquainted with a Western woman who has been a writer for years. I had also met a woman who is one of the head workers in a certain charity in New York designed chiefly for women who are able to earn from \$5 to \$10 a week, and to whom board at 50 cents a day is a boon. This is the rate offered by the charity of which the woman was at the head. In an evil hour rashly introduced the two. The charity woman was instantly interested in the writer and launched an avalanche of questions at her. The woman writer got very chilly. Nothing Gauntet, the charity woman bersevered.

Do you ever come to New York?

Sometimes.'

Sometimes. An I'm so glad. You must come to our home. We have our workers at all railread stations to meet all trains at night, and it is so jessant for a woman who may get into New fork at midnight to be met and welcomed. And then our board is so chesp. It is really wonderful to think that it can be offered at 50 sents a day. You will find it quite a saving. I though the writer would freeze the other with the look she pave her as she said: I have a few friends in New York, and I never stop at a bearding house.

The charity woman was arrested in her mad Carrer for a moment only.

That is very nice for you. Silence. Then, what is your nom de plume! It will be so beasant to keep track of your work. The other woman was white with anger. Malain, I have signed my own name for years, the said.

charity woman looked at her blankly. the sharity woman looked at her blankly, an effect out deserve a great deal of respect that the said feebly. And, if you believe that the said feebly. And, if you believe that the said mention and the said mention of the limit of a woman who needed charity no relian the wife of the freedent. That was funny in its way," said the tall man, "and it reminds me to tell you of the liter at our lable who was missing for seving a said that turned up as smilling as over, they are the whole who was missing for seving the said that turned up as smilling as over, they believe where have you been if it.

deter grinned from ear to ear and showed the magnificent twories. Reen in juil, miss. In jeu, and I, horrified. Yes, miss, but it warn't nuffin diagraceful, see, I was playlu' a game ob eyards with the gentleman, an' when he said I was thin I jus up an' cut 'im with a knife and the arrested. I won't play cards with no mo, miss."

had me arrested. I won't play cards with me mo, mic, mics.

Those darkies are just too cute for any use," I the brunette. "But I wonder if any of you be also not like the girl I met up at the lakes, was not very pretty, but she had clothes over the diesest morning, noon, and night, at the end of six weeks she not apparently that a fair headway into her wardrobe, one could tell when she siept. She was the like up and the last one to retire. She was the six and the last one to retire. She will be up and the last one to retire. She was the six of any pric in sight at the place. She wermans, played golf, gave card parties, up pichies, and was the centre of the sectains a pronounce; belie and leader. What you had been a fair one to retire the way are the country of the sectains.

guardian said, was this summer trying to drown her grief over the loss of her father!"

The gray haired woman set up suddenly, "I am actually ashamed that I ever fell so low as to go to a summer resort," she said. "I am going straight home, aven at the risk of leaving my reputation in your hands." "So am I," said the plump woman. "I wish you wouldn't go till I tell you about the swell who came to get the gout boiled out of him and wouldn't associate with a living soul the whole three weeks he was here," said the brunette.

"My dear," said the plump woman solemnly, "the gout may be boiled out, but the fooliahness of human nature never can be."

WOMEN PASTORS. Many of Them to Charge of Churckes in Addi tion to Those who Are Evangelists.

The Church Economist has discovered that there are more than twenty women in this country who are pastors, not preachers merely, but settled pastors over unitarian societies, and that they are uniformly successful. The Rev. Miss Safford, who is President of

the Iowa Unitarian Association, is one of the most conspicuous of the women pasters. She is about 40 years old, energetic, affable, and a good speaker. Two other women pasters are the Rev. Marion Murdock and the Rev. Florence Buck. They are both stationed as copastors at the First Unitarian Church in 'leveland. They took their theological course at Meadville and a special course at Manchester College, Oxford.

Still another Unitarian pastor is the Rev Mary T. Whitney of the Unity Church, South Boston. She is not only an able pastor, but a woman of force in church councils, and the same may be said of the Revs. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes of Oakland, Cal.; Rev. Florence L. Pierce of Pomona, Cal., and Rev. Harriet D. Boyuton, the last being, with her husband, the Rev. Richard W. Boynton, pastor at Roslindale, Mass. Other women who are doing good pastoral work, and are settled over Unitarian societies, are the Rev. Ida C. Hultin of the First Church, Moline, Ill.; the Rev C. J. Bartlett of the First Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.; the Rev. E. E. Gordon of the First Church, Iowa City, and the Rev. L. W. Sprague, co-pastor with her husband of the New South Church, Boston,

The Universalist Church has from the first welcomed woman to its councils, and has accorded to her the fullest liberty in the exercise of her powers in its service. John Murray, the founder of Universalism in America, pave to his wife the heartlest encouragement in her literary pursuits as far back as 1792, and it may be said of this lady that in her espousal of the cause of equal rights for the sexes she appears to have been quite abreast of the position taken

by the advocates of that principle to-day. Maria Cook and Lydia A. Jenkina, both of this State, were the first women who are known to have preached Universalism. They preached for a short time in the early part of this century. though neither of them sought ordination. Olympia Brown was the first woman upon whom ordination was conferred. This occurred directly after her graduation from the Canton Theological School in 1863. There are now sixty-five women in the ministry of the Universixty-five women in the ministry of the Univer-salist Church. Most of these are ordained, while those who are licentiates are, in nearly every instance, pursuing their theological stud-ies preparatory to ordination. Of these sixty-five, more than one-half are married and have raised or are rearing families. Three hold pastorates jointly with their husbands, and not a few are the wives of dergymen—husband and wife ministering to different parishes on the same circuit.

a few are the wives of clergymen—ausoand and wife ministering to different parishes on the same circuit.

Among the names most widely known may be mentioned the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin. D. D., now of Mount Vernon, N. Y., the first woman in the world to receive from an institution of learning the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Miss Chapin has studied and travelled abroad, and her attainments have made her much sought after as a college lecturer on literature. The Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker has met with exceptional success as a pastor. During a thirteen years pastorate at Englewood, now Chicago, Ill., a strong parish was bended together and a fine church edifice erected. The Rev. Henrietta G. Moore of Springfield, O., is a woman of rac a ability as a speaker. She was for several years national organizer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and is known to temperance workers from ocean to ocean. Many others, though less widely known, have met with provided express in their respective fields. In

ity as a speaker. She was for several years national organizer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and is known to temperance workers from ocean to ocean. Many others, though less widely known, have met with marked success in their respective fields. In fact, the women ministers of the church compare very favorably as to abilities with the men, and the quality of their work is fully up to the standard of that of their brothers.

The Congregational Church of to-day draws no line of eligibility to pastoral ordination between men and women. According to the latest pastoral lists, however, there are only seventeen ordained women preachers in the Congregational Church. Half a dozen of them are in the New England States, and the majority of them are stationed in the far West.

The Methodis: Church, asve in one instance of concession, has refused to ordain women as preachers. That one instance occurred in the Rock River Conference some years since, when Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing received a local preacher's Hoene, A few more licenses were granted later. Finally they were revoked in svery case, the conferences fearing a too general desire on the part of women to become licentiates without marked qualifications which would fit them for their position.

While the women preachers of the Methodist Church are more properly evangelistic, yet many women have gained for themselves the mane of anie preachers in the full sense of the term. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, or, as she is more often called, "Mother" Van Cott, has for many years been engaged in active evangelistic work in almost every State in the Union. Possessed or a rich, powerful, low-toned, and well-modulated voice, and a commanding appearance, she has never failed to gain at first the respect, then the love and perfect sympathy of her hearers. She is at present directing the work of a Home for Friendiess Girls at Catakill, N. Y. Mrs. Jennie Fowler willing asset of Rishop Fowler, preaches with much force and eloquence. Other well-known omen preachers of the Methodi

GROUNDLESS FEAR OF LIGHTNING. The Electric Bolt Prightens Many, Hits Few. From the Electrical Engineer

A current news item gives the results of an in-vestigation carried out by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, on the things that most excite fear in people. Of the 298 classes of objects of fear to which 1,707 persons confessed, thunder and lightning led all the rest, although ject to eyclones, &c., the fear of the latter predominates. It may be accepted as probably true that thunderstorms constitute the most pro-nounced source of fear with the majority of

that thunderstorms constitute the most pronounced source of fear with the majority of people, due, no doubt, to the always impressive and not infrequently overpowering nature of the phenomenon. But is there any justification in fact for this fear so far as fatal results are concerned?

We believe there is not, but on the contrary, that many other causes which barely have a piece in Dr. Hail's list are infinitely more entitled to the distinction as fear producers than lightning. As proof of this we may cite statistics of the United States Weather Bureau. These show that for the four years 1890-93 the deaths from lightning numbered 784, or an average of 166 a year. Again, H. F. Kreitzer of St. Louis found from the record of nearly 200 newspapers that for the five years 1886-83 there were 1,030 deaths caused by lightning, or an average of 206 a year. We doubt whether, of the number of deaths classed as "accidental" in the whole United States, any one group can show so anall a number. In New York city alone over 200 people are drowned every year, while nearly 150 are burned or scalded to death, and close onto 500 persons meet their end by falls of one kind or another. Comparing the record of 200 lightning fatalities for the whole country with the above records for New York city, with its total of nearly 1,500 accidental deaths every year, it will be seen how groundless is the popular fear of lightning. It is a survival, an inherited superstition. But there is another point in connection with this matter which ought to be particularly comforting to city dwellers, albeit country twellers may not be affected in like manner, and that is, that statistics show that the risk of lightning is invariably fatal is also not borne out by facts, the risk of weeker plees in houses, and probably as much as anything to the protective network of overhead electric wires of all kinds. The popular belief that a stroke of lightning is invariably fatal is also not borne out by facts, the risk of meeting death by a horse kick in New York

ABOUT WOMEN WHO SMOKE.

SOME SMOKE FOR THE LOVE OF IT AND SOME FOR SOCIABILITY.

Third Class Do So to Order to Be "Sporty," but of This Ciass the Present Article Mas Editie to Say-Not All Women Who Sometimes Smoke in Public Belong to It.

smoking room, who makes no secret of her enjoyment of an after-dinner pipe, was questioned the other day as to why women use tobacco. She was seated in the cosey little room and with a special friend was enjoying an a pull. "Well," said she, "American women who moke can be catalogued in three classes namely, those who do it for the love of the weed itself, those who do it to be sociable, and those who wish to appear sporty. I belong to the first class, my friend over there to the second class, while the third class-oh, well, they are the girls one sees and reads about as smoking in cafes, on the street cars, and other public places, though I must say women who smoke public places do not always do it to attract attention.

returning from a winter in Florida quite a pretty girl was discovered smoking on deck, She had selected a part of the deck away from the other passengers and was quietly enjoying a cigarette when a party of men saw her.

'I bet you \$50 I can speak to that girl and at the end of ten minutes be on the friendliest terms with her,' said one of a group of goodcoking young fellows to his friends. "The bet was not made, but after walking

around and seeing the girl's face at closer range another young man of the group said he would fail if he attempted it. The first mentioned young man strolled to the girl's end of the deck, loltered around in her neighborhood, and then, taking out a cigar, said to her with his most killing smile and bown "'I have left my match safe in my state-

"I have left my match safe in my stateroom; won't you be good enough to give me a
light?"
"She silently handed him her lighted cigarette. After lighting his cigar he returned her
cigarette with expressions of his gratitude.
She took the claracta, to seed it overboard, left
her seat, and wout to her stateroom without
opening her lips to him. Of course, his friends
had the laugh on him, and all the women
around who had winessed the performance
were charmed with the girl. I afterward
learned that she was fond of tobacce, but made
doathly sick by the odor of stale smoke, and so
for that reason she did not smoke in the privacy
of her own room.

were charmed with the girl. I afterward learned that she was fond of tobacce, but made deathly sick by the odor of stale smoke, and so for that reason she did not smoke in the privacy of her own room.

"For myself, I always smoke after dinner, and when I mat home, a pipe. Of course, during the day, when inclined. I smoke just about as menio, sometimes one pipe tull, sometimes several, I can think better when smoking, and also it treats me. Now, my friends as a rule smoke merely to be sociable. They take a cigar or cigarette at a dinner or lunchen where hey are handed around after the coffee, or when paying a social call. Somehow, we all imagine we talk more easily while smoking. But none of these girls miss their smoke when they are prevented from taking it, nor do they ever smoke when alons. Not so with the women who love the weed itself. They become irritable and as cross as bears when forced to do without it. As I have a smoking room, I try always to keep it supplied with the latest goods. There is an importer of smoking goods downtown who regularly sends me up all the newest things for women smokers. Masculine smokers have the vame thing done for tham, so why shouldn't!"

"My pipe, that is, my favorite pipe, for I really have pipes by the dozen, was given me by my eldest brother and has his face cut into the bowl. You see how beautifully it is colored, and I have only been smoking it a few months. The best meerschaum has a clouded, dirly appears to have peres in it, and is creamy in color. The white kind, that which looks like chaik, is very objectionable. That was the kind I first picked out, and I can remember my brothers laughed at me. I prefer the straight amber stem, though the siender curved stem is the latest for women's pipes. Pipes with elaborate aliver and go'd triumings, like those in the rack, are to be avoided, as they become uncomfortably heated. Why, this room has been full of smokers, both girls and men, and no one would touch that rack. The pipes were all given to me by women, who bound the

"Many women who fill their own cigarettss have their papers stamped with their monogram in silver or gold. Some of them have the ends tipped. Almost any of the shops that make a specialty of keeping women's smoking materials have this stamping done at a very slight extra cost on the thousand silps. Some of my friends prefer white rice paper, while others prefer the corn paper, which is a delicate shade of yellow. Some girls contend that fancy paper has nothing to do with the flavor of a cigarette and insist on using the marrin of newspapers or any soft paper that comes to hand. Of course, beautiful cigarettes may be bought already filled with any and all brands of tobacco, but they are not nearly so good as those we roll. Some girls touch the edge of the paper with their tongues to make them adhere, while others simply bend up the ends.

"The majority of women, I'm sure all my friends do, prefer mild Turkish tobacco. Some are fond of the long cut, others of the short cut. For my own use I like both, the short cut for my pipe, the long cut for my eigarettes, and I don't allow any one to bandle it, either. I don't care to have the shreds disturbed. One good point about the mild Turkish tobacco is that it has less nicotine than any other kind. I have been told that it centained oplum, and maybe it does for it is certainly soothing, and I would forgive my worst enemy after my second pipe. But, as I said before, I beiong to the class, who smoke for the love of it. Those who smoke only to be sociable do not as a rule experience any such effects. They do it simply because others around their do. As to the third class, the girls who wish to appear sporty, they use it only as a means to attract attention, and I doubt very much whether they ever give the flavor of their cigarettes a socond thought."

Settled the Question of Age.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

D. W. Caldwell, the late President of the Lake Shore, and John F. Miller, general superintendent of the southwest system of the Pennsylvania, were frient all their lives, but there was one thing on which they could never agree, and that was as to which was the older. One day they were driving up to Caldwell's country home in a buggy.

"John," said the Lake Shore men, "you have always insisted that I am older than you."

"Why, of course. I was born in—"

"That's all right, John; if you are younger than I am suppose you open thesate."

Without a word Mr. Miller climbed from the buggy, opened the gate, and Mr. Caldwell drove through. And then he did not stop, but went on to the house, leaving Mr. Miller to follow through the dark and mud as best he could. When the house was reached the soil was scraped off Mr. Miller and nothing more was said. He had proved that he was the younger man of the two.



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausca, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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WOMAN AS MOONSHINER. Expertence of a Former Revenue Officer

From the St. Louis Globs-Democrat. During a session of the United States District Court at Nashville, Teun., a professional nformer approached me cautiously in the corri dor of the Custom House and asked me in a stage whisper what I would pay him if he would lead me to a moonshine still. I told him that the amount paid was from \$4 to \$12. I A young woman, the owner of a cosey little paid nothing for finding the still, but would employ him as "guida" at the rate of \$4 per day, and as "guard" at the same rate, provided the latter was necessary. He told me that when he located it be would write, and that must be sure and meet him and follow his directions. About a month after this interview received a letter from him telling me to ome to Lawrenceburg on a certain day, and after dark to start out on the Waynesboro road. Six miles from town, at a double log house, the roads forked, and I was to take a plain lefthand road, follow this for four or five miles, and I would arrive at a house with a well on the side of the road that had a long sweep over t. After passing this about 100 yards I was to take a path leading up a hollow to the right, follow this path about a mile until I came to a cross-hollow, turn up the right-hand hollow, and blow my wnistle and he would meet me. No one but a revenue officer would start out at night to destroy a citizen's property, endure the hardships and fatigue, and run the

at night to destroy a chilsen's projectly, endure the hardships and fatigue, ani run the
risk of being ambushed and killed upon such
information, especially when it was known that
the author was infinitely meaner than the party
to be despoiled and arrested.

In company with a deputy marshal and local
revenue officer, I arrived at Lawrenceurg on
time, and rom inquiries learned that the setion I contemplated visiting was difficult of
socess, owing to its rugged character. We
hired horses at the livery stable, and after supper salled forth. We had but little difficulty
in finding the rendesvous and our guide,
though the latter was so completely disguised
with lampblack and sheepskin whikers as to
be unrecognizable, to me at least. My first interrogatory was: "Who is running the still?"
He declared that he did not know; that he
had come upon it unexpectedly while hunting,
and did not dare to approach close enough to
ascertain. He carried us through the woods,
along what I took to be a hog trail, over an extended ridge, down into a ravine, where we
found a small branch a couple of feet wide
and following it for several hundred yards, we
approached a deep cove, the adjatent hills
arising probably 100 feet. Stopping us in

and a smany inches in depth. Turning up this and as many inches in depth. Turning up this and following it for several hundred yards, we approached a deep cove, the adjacent hills arising probably 100 feet. Stopping us in front of a heavy undergrowth springing from the swamp formed by the branch spreading out over the bottom, he told us that it was about 100 yards beyond, we divided our forces, two of the party crossing over the swamp and going up on the opposite side, the guide and mysoif going up to the right. We insved as cautiously as the Indian surprising his victim, and when within twenty paces a low signal was given and we sprang forward. It was unoccupied.

We found a furnace with a nice fifteen-gallon copper on it and the dry wood piled up around ready for starting, a long crane-neck connecting the copper boiler with the worm stand, in which was a copper worm, semething an usual, as they are generally mane of lead, mish tubs and barrels full of beer ready for distillation. The apparatus was under a brish arbormade by ariving four posta in the ground, with forks at the top, and the while inclosed by mailing poles to the posts. This was done to prevent stock from treepassing upon the premises. The floor was dirt. I was struck with the heatness of the place. The floor had been swept with a bundle of switches that was setting against a beer barrel. We could desirely the still at any time, and considered at of higner importance to capture those who operated it. We therefore conceased ourselves, determined to await the arrival of the operator. It was now about 3 oclock A.M. We could hear chickens crowing on the bill above us, and, after daylight, voice, indicating that there was a settlement near us. About 7 oclock we heard persons takking and evilently approaching from above. Presency a woman noted 35 years of age with an ord hary garden hoe in her hand, followed by a boy of 14 with an ax in his hand and small single barrel shofgun, was seen approaching from the direc-tion we judged the settlement was. We per-mitted them to hass transfersed. They climbed the low fence. The woman laid her bounds on an empty box after she had set her hos down, while the boy threw his are over before him and

shal appeared and I followed from the direction. The woman lever uttered The woman never uttered a nirection. The woman fever uttered a word, but regarded us for a mounent with as much contempt as I felt at being placed in such a position. Finally she spled our guide standing off about twenty jaces. She scanned him closely from head to foot and said: "You are the poor, miserable sains that placed these men here." Furning to me, her eyes by this time flashing with indignation, she said: "I do not beam you may not are only doing your time flashing with indignation, the said: "I do not blame you'ns. You are only doing rour duty, but that miserable whelp yonder [ne had gone] ought to be shot. He got my whickey as long as I would let him have it, and when I refused him he runs off and brings you in here. "Do you know him?" 'Know him! I would recognize him if his miserable out head war off, let alone blacked and trimmed with the sain of some sheep that he stole!" I asked her hathout you also we have to you. I assured her that he had not, but, on the contrary told us that he was ignorant of it. "Les sneaking liar! He has been here a dozen times, and owes me now \$12 for whiskey. She then gave me her dame. I told her it was my duty to place her and he, son under arrest and destroy the property. At son under arrest and dostroy the property. At this she broke down and commenced crying. Her son walked up to where she was and tried to comfort her by assuring her that they could make a living some other way; that he would go and hire out. I told her that I would take her personal re-

make a living some other way; that he would go and hire out.

I told her that I would take her personal recognizance to appear before the Commissioner at some future time when it would suit my convenience and hers, and that I would pay her if she would return to the house and prepare us breakfast and let her son feed our stock. My unexpected kindness surprised her, and she commission of crying again, and started to the house on the hill. I sent one of the party with the lad to get the horses, and when they were all gone cut up the copper and worm and empitied out the beer, leaving the barrels for her use about the house when we were gone. While waiting for our breakfast, I noticed a small account book on the mantel board, and curiosity prompted me to examine its contents. I found the entries made in a masculline hand and accounted for the sale of whiskey, receipts of med, dec.

When breakfast was finished and we repaired to the room where I had found the book, the only room they had except a shed affair that served the double purpose of a kitchen and diming room. I took the book from the mantel board and asked her to explain its contents. Her statement was as follows: "My hueband bought the still that you'ns have destroyed from a neighbor whose name I cannot give. He paid about half on it, when he died, leaving me with six children that you see here around me. I had helped him about the business before we moved here, and as I understood it, the gentleman as owned it and sold it to my husband lowed that I could continue the business and that the officers would not be likely to disturb me. I told him I bad no education. He said he would help me, and he fotch that book and sets down for me what whiskey he gits and what others git, and who is entitled to whiskey when a run is a made, on account of furnishing meal. I fatten my hogs and get enough moal. and sets down for me what whiskey be gits and what others git, and who is entitled to whiskey when a 'run' is made, on account of furnishing meal. I fatten my hogs and get enough meal to make my bread out'n it, but if it was not for the reaccle and neadbeats that git it on a credit and never pay I could do pretty well." I asked how much the guide owed her, and she said she thought it was "30!" down in the book. She was especially becomed at him beccuse he got the whiskey, not to drink, but to sell. I paid her for our breakfast and feed and left. From the account book I got all the facts necessary to discipline the neighborhood. I had the former owner, the guide, everybody who carried meal there to be made into whiskey on chares, arrested at my leisure. I used her and her son as witnesses against thom. They were allowed "mileage" and "attendance" before the Commissioner, eighteen miles away, in each case; "mileage" and "attendance" before the United States Court at Nachville, amounting to over \$100. As to the case squinst her, she was indicted for manufacturing or working at a still house. The proof disclosed the fact that she was arrested before she had committed an overt act, and Judge Key ordered the jury to find "on traility as to her closed the fact that she was arrested bad committed an overt act, and Judge Key ordered the jury to find "not guilty as to her and her son."
She is now living in Lonoke, Ark., having married a well-to-do citizen, and is doubtless making a dutiful wife.

"Keep Out !" Says the Chickens' Mother.

From the Kansas Oily Journal.

Prom the Kansas City Journal.

J. D. Austin, a merchant at 1820 Walnut street, hes a large Brasilian parrot that is the proud possessor of five little bantam chickens which the hig bird watches over and cares for as if they were her own brood.

Some time ago, the parrot, although unmated, layed two egs. These were taken from her and half a dozen small chicken sugs were placed in the nest. Polly came forth yesterday with her little chickens beeping and scratching about her, and many people stopped to view the strange sight. It is a very unusual thing for the parrot to breed away from its native land, even under the most favorable circumstances and it is more remarkable that the parrot ahould adopt the chickens as her own offspring. Polly is a large and beautiful hird, measuring from the bill to the tip of her tail nearly four feet, and her plumske is of a beautiful blue and bright red. She is allowed every liberty and often visils the neighboring stores and amuses those who taik to her. Several months ago Polly became strached to a little pug pup that was owned by Mr. Austin, and often the dox was found nestling under her big wing.

The purrot is very jealous of her little chickens and watches them industriously. If any one approaches the young ones too closely she will scream "Keep out?" and ruffle up her feathers as if she would fight.

DUNBAR ON LONDON WAYS. THE YOUNG NEGRO POET TELLS OF

HIS VISIT IN ENGLAND. He Found the Color Line There, but the Ne gro Was on the Right Side and the East Indian on the Wrong Side of It-His Very Cordini Reception by the American Colony.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the young negro erse writer and author of "Lyrice of Lowly Life," has returned from London with an interesting collection of experiences among the ling lish and's second collection, more interesting, gathered in the American colony in London. Dunbar takes himself no more seriously that

another young man, white or black, would take himself, had he been taken to Europe as a pint form reader by a professional manager of such expeditions. It wouldn't do, truly, for him to treat the matter altomether lightly. While talking with Dunbar, however, one gets the imundertoning everything he says about himself. Everything he says is touched and limited by hard horse sense.

Two years ago Dunbar was an elevator boy in

Poyton, O. He had the training of the Dayton public schools. His first book of verse was with the assistance of friends. His second volme, also privately printed, appeared a year or two later. Just before his departure for England, Lodd, Mead & Co. undertook the publication of "Lyries of Lowly Life." Up to that time, although he had not been working at Dayton for a long time, he continued to receive a salary from the city. It was to the way of a subsidy to his acknowledged literary ability. With the receipt of \$100 as a first payment from his publishers, the young man felt justifled in resigning the place of a nominal public servant. He is now earning a very satisfactory living by his writings and readings. he is at work upon a novel. He does not know, he says, whether it is a good novel or not, but if he sells it for a good price he will be inclined to think that it has Merary value. This shrewd reservation of judgment is quite consistent with all the young man's views of a world that he regards as a very satisfactory one to live in without regard to sex, color, or previous con

There is not a particle in him apparently that longs for a white skin. It is plenty for him that he has written verses of sufficient literary value to be appreciated by a non-centimental publishing house. "What were my impressions of the English

man's attitude toward the negrot I didn't have any when I was in England. It was not until I reached New York that my impressions of England began to make themselves known to me The contrast between my social conditions here and there couldn't be fully realized until, knowing how the English regarded my people, I was suddenly reminded of the American view

"Folks who say that there is no color line in England are all wrong. There is a very decided color line over there, but, ridiculous as it may seem, the negro is on the inside of it. The poor outsiders are the East Indians, the Hindoos, and the like. Natives of India, I found, were regarded in England very much as the tescendants of Africa are regarded in the North here in America. The explanation of the contempt in which the English hold the Hindoo is one of caste. He is a servant, for the most part. lie is known to them as a mental, and as a eringing, interior sort of mental. They look down on him. In a more intense way, of course, it is the same feeling that is at the root of the white man's prejudice against the black man. "On the other hand, the English regard us

with an interest or curiosity that is almost oppressive. Englishmen travelling or even at ome are traditionally reserved. Everywhere in England I found people on railroad trains, on omnibuses, and in shops making advances toward acquaintance-rip. They almost quarreled with one arother in their anxiety to point out places of interest. It was a somewhat emberrassing experience, I can assure you.

That berhaps the oddest feature of my life ever there was the way the Americans acted. Now, if or any reason the guests at a fashionable New York house were to find a negro among their number, I doubt if they would show open displeasure. They might act coully, Almost certainly they would not recognize the large afterward, on the street or in a theatre. The Americans whom I met in London at the various literary dimers and tess, and at the reception given me at the Savage Club, went out of their way to be like to me. For instance, one afternoon as I was leaving a langtoon where I in England I found people on railroad trains, on

I see me riding in a cab side by side

y doubt see the raing in a case side by side in a higger?
Afterward he invited me to his chambers to ner. His was not an unusual case. The cericans over there adopt for the time, at rate, the stiting of the singlishman toward what do you attribute the Englishman's

"To what do you attribute the Englishmaa's inforest in your racel is it a surrival of the old enthusiasin for freeing slaves?"

That, of course, would be the most plausible explanation, but I have no bollef in it. From my study of the facts as I found them I came to this opinion. The negroes who go to England from America have for the most part been abnormal. They have been, as a class, very much more public characters than the white men who have gone over-not always, it is painful to admit, in a way creditable to my race. Our representatives in Fugland and the negroes who, though not visitors, are known in England by name, are all unusual men. Some have been corators, some muto my race. Our representatives in Eugland and the negroes who, though not visitors, are known in England by name, are all unusual men. Some have been orators, some musicians, some proacher, and some prize highers, lishop Grant, the great leader of the African Methodist Church, is not an unusual or a remarkable man in their eyes. Over here we know that he is one out of tens of thousands. They take if for granted that a colored man who goes over must have some unusual gift.

"When a man who sat beside me on an omnibus began to talk to me it wouldn't be long before he asked: 'And what do you do!' When I answered that I wrote verse he was never the least hit surprised. He would have as capited my saying that I was a prize fighter with just as little astonishment. I (el) you why I don't think their interest in a negro is sentimental. When I was at the Savage Chub I was actonished by the interest they showed in some of the verses I read to them, particularly in these written in dialect, I didn't believe, you know, that they could understand the dialect. But they felt the spirit of it, understanding it or not. I took a man whou I knew pretty well to one side afterward and asked him about it.

"Is it pure to the men of the lake of the constituent of the unit of the people receive me so Idadly?"

one side afterward and asked him about it.

"Is it pure no tender I lacked, that makes these people receive me so bindly?

"Politeness? he said. No, Why, man, that crowd is just brutally frank enough to have scraped its feet and coughed until it stopped you, if you had bored it."

"England is a very nice place to visit, but I am giad that I am American. There is a great deal to be done here."

The Princess of Wales

ORDERS JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, S. W.
Please send for the use of H. R. H.,
the Princess of Wales, six dozen of
JOHANH Hoff's Malt Extract as seen as
possible. Kindly give two bottles to
bearer for to-day's luncheon. Yours
faithfully.

faithfully JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman For H. K. H.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine JORANE Roff's Malt Ex-tract makes Fiesh and Blood. One down bottles of the genuine JORANE Roff's Halt Extract will give more strength and coutains more nutritive elements than one cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,

000000000000000000000000

THE KLONDIER'S NEW BULER Wajor Walsh, the New Administrator of the Canadian Yukon District.

OTTAWA, Sept. 4.-Major James M. Walsh the recently appointed administrator of the Canadian Yukon district, has a wide reputation not only in Canada, but also in the United States. Judging from his record, the Dominion Gov ernment is sending out probably the best quall fied man in Canada for the peculiarly arduous task of administering law and maintaining order along the Klondike and in its vicinity. Major Walsh was born at Prescott, Ont., 55 rears ago, of Irish parentage. He took a ourse at the Infantry School at Kingston, Ont.,

and became a Captain in the Lierar Rifles. He also took a course in the Cavalry School, and was pronounced by his Colonel to be the best drilled and plucklest cavalryman that had ever passed through the school. He organized a troop of cavalry, which he commanded until the fall of 1873, when he went to the Northwest as the Arst officer appointed to the Mounted Police, of which force he was practically the organizer. At that time the force numbered 164 men. He commanded the frontier division, where all the active work was to be done, and where there were thousands of lodges of the Crow Indians, Sloux, Gros Ventres, and the Assiniboins, covering about 400 miles of the frontier. He established hunself in Cypress Hills and built what became known as Fort Walsh, in the very heart of the Indian camps. There were some intropid chiefs to these compa such as Long Lodge of the Assiniboins, Broad Trail, Spotted Eagle of the No Bows, and a little later the renowned Sitting Bull, in connection with whom Major Walsh acquired widespread fame in the United States

later the renowned Sitting Bull, in connection with whom Major Valsh acquired widespread fame in the United States.

After the ambush and massacre of Custer and his command, sitting Bull and his followers, flushed with victory, crossed the border into Canada. When the news reached Fort Walsh that Sitting Bull had crossed the border into Canada. When the news reached Fort Walsh that Sitting Bull had crossed the line and was camped with 1,000 warriors about thirty miles from the fort, Major Walsh set out at once, with an escort of only four men, and rode into the Shoux comp, where he actually slept all night. This was a piece of daring characteristic of the Inspector, and it no doubt gave him an advantage which he followed up and never for a moment relinquished. The following morning he held a council with the chiefs, and informed Sitting Hull, in the must unmixtakshe language, that if he desired to remain on British soil, he could only do so by strictly obeying the laws. Sitting Bull reputed the had buried the hatchet. He attributed his success against the United States troops to the Great Spirit. On many occasion, thereafter the nerve and cool audacity of Major Walsh so excited the winder and admiration of Sitting Bull into do.

When the Sloux warrior became very great, and won a complete ascendancy over him. Major Walsh afterward used that influence to influee Sitting Bull to do what no other man livery could have persuaded him to do.

When the Sloux warrior had fully assembled his satteres forces he had 1,000 lodges and 8,000 head of horses. These represented 3,000 warriors-renowned fighting men—who were projected into Major Walsh's district. The presence of Sitting Bull to chandian territory gave the Ottawa Government much uneasiness, and when the Dominion authorities received the assent of the United States Government to their proposition that a special commission should be sent to entire Sitting Bull across the boundary, Major Walsh was assigned the delicate lank of persuadding him to need and confer with

what I have seen and heard I must characterize him as one of the braves and most remarkable diplomats of his day. He unites with a fact, absolutely easenful to diplomacy, the course and prulence of mind required in all inter-course with a savege and superstitious people." Major Walsh finally induced Sitting Buil to

and problems of mind required in all misticourses with a savage and superstitious people."
Major Walsh finally induced Sitting Bull to surrender.
Major Walsh will command a semi-military force in the Yukon which, by the opening of spring, will probably number 300, all pleued men. A companied by the Minister of Interior he will leave in a few days for Vactoria, B. C. where they will endark with the mounted police escort on the Government steamer Quadra, which will convey the party to Dyea.

A Full-Fledged Institution of Learning in the

Few persons, perhaps, know that in Honolulu, In the midst of the Pacitic Ocean, there is a fulltedged college which is more than half a century old, in which a faculty, consisting almost exclusively of graduates from American schools, teach a full English classical course. with art and music, typewriting, and a business course thrown in to boot. Such is Oahu College, whose catalogue of its fifty-sixth year's work has just reached this part of the world.

In those years the college has had nine Presidents, including Frank A. Hosmer, A. M., the incumbent. Prest ent Hosmer is an Amherst i the man; Arthur B. Ingails, the professor of chemistry and natural science, is from Amberst: Albert L. Colsten, professor of mathematical and mechanical drawing to a civil engineer from After we had talked a little on our way Cornell; Winfred H. Babbitt, the Latin professor, is from Williams, and Joseph L. Howard of to the, 'what do you the business school is from the Stockton men. Florence Kelsey is an A. B. from Smith, Pessia Reene Axtell is from the New England Conservatory of Music, and Bessie F. French wes a member of the New York Art League.

Punshou is the name of the suburb of Honoluin where the main butidings of the college of Oabu are cituated. It is about two miles cost of the city, but is connected with it by several broad shady avenues and s street railway. Or one side are the mountains and on the other the sea, and the thermometer seldom has a range wider than from 60° to 88° in the whole course of the year. The college

the sea, and the thermometer seidom has a range wider than from 60° to 88° in the whole course of the year. The college has more than 500 acres in its grounds, and the land teems with vegetables life. Here grow all the vegetables known in this clime besides bananss, oranges, pineappies, papeias, 'readfruit, anneado pears, vicappies, mangoes, atrawberry guavas, limes, lemons, and cocanuts. There are hundreds of royal palms along the walks and carriageways, and the pride of the grounds is a hedre of night-blooming cereus which is 1.500 feet long and frequently has as many as eight or ten thousand blossoms open upon it at once, filling the whole country around with its perfume.

Punahau means, "new spring," and the name of the college site somes from the existence there of a little lake of pure, cool water which is feel by never-failing springs that come from the mointain side. The surings supply water, which is ifped through the college grounds and buildings, and they also supply the water for a big swimming bath. This bath is cemented, and holds \$5,000 gallons of water. It is provided with a spring-board, trapezes, and sifety ropes, and there are dressing rooms attached. The bath was the rift of George N. Wilcox and Henry P. Baldwin. A still-water pond of half an acre is also fed by the springs, and in this grow red, white, and blue water littles and the intended in the list of the faculty, probably because the students are all required to do manual labor for two boars of the college. Here the charge of Frank Barwick, from the Kew Garden. England, and his name and that of Elizabeth Crozier, matron and teacher of sewing, are included in the list of the faculty, probably because the students are all required to do manual labor for two hours of less each day under the direction of these two.

The Punahau Preparatory School is part of the college. Here the chilisten are taken through eight grades, from the primer closs to that of the his season and hall, the President's American may be indged from the list of holida

old school near.

Princk Hall is the finest of these. It is built a of blue lays and its general plan is that of a semicircle with different rooms opening from the main entrance. It contains an assembly hall in which there is a pipe organ, the gift of Mrs. S. N. C. stie; a small art collection, the library, the President's room, and eight recitation rooms. In the dome is the observatory, containing a six inch telescope, and the basement contains store rooms, photograph rooms, and the landor's quarters. The building was the gift of Charles R. Bishop.

SIX CHEYENNE BRAVES. EXHIBITED FARIOUSLY BY THREE

PRESS AGENTS. Brought on from Fort Rene, as a Reward for Concessions That Were Not Made, to Visit the Great Pather and Perhaps Rob a Make-Belleve Train on a Sure-Enough Singe.

The war whoops of three press agents sounded through the Tenderloin the other night on the trail of six woobecone and wearr Cherenne In dians. The chased were Little Bird (whose Carliste education, finished six years ago, ought to have fitted him to compete with pross agents, but somehow dian'r), Little Hawk, Black Hawk, Elk Man. Fox Tall and Sand Bear. The first pursuer was a gentleman who abbreviates his title thus: A. G. P. and T. A. C. R. L. and P. R. R. This, to the absence of definite information, is taken to mean Assistant General I ress and Theatrical Agent of the Come Right In and Pay Railroad. he gentleman has conducted the hunt from Fort Reno. I. T.

The warpath led through Chicago and Buffale By strange faishity the dread trail has led to a theatrs wherever the braves have camped for a night. In Cultage, for instance, the Indians found their way into the presence of Sam T. Jack's Creons. It is recorded as a fact, though not to the credit of the noble sons of the prairie, that they then and there clapped their hands to give and said that they wanted to stay right there forevermore. It was not so in he. The A. G. P. &c., was at their heels. They fied to Buffale, through whose streets they rode as a part of the G. A. R. parade. From the confusion of press agents' tongues it appeared that it was said that the Chevennes went to see the Indian war melodrams, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and were well pleased with it: also that they were the guests of the Grand Army of the Republic during their stay. Latest advices from Buffalo, however, indicate that none of their bills was paid out of the G. A. R. treasury,

Quarry and hunter finally reached New York They went straight to the office of a theatrical agency. Here the number of the hunters in creased by two. Our was the brother of one of the members of the theatrical firm. The other was the conferred and open press agent of a temple of meiodrams. The railroad man sat him down and penned a few lines to the new spapers. He hold how the great and benedled railroad which he represented has in the kindness of its heart brought the gallant red men out of the West to see the Eastern pule faces. He told how they were going to Washington to see the face of the Great Father, and also to visit the Interior Department.

heart brought the gallant red men out of the West to are the Eastern nale faces. He told how they were going to Washington to see the face of the fireat Father, and also to visit the Interior Department.

After the braves had been taken downtown to be looked at by his Honor the Mayor, and to hear him deliver eneod his scintillating, jollying speeches, they were hereled into the front room of a Broadway hotel and fed in full view of the street. With them sat one George E. Bartleta and the three press agents.

One of the latter came to the door and announced that the present tour of the Cheyennes was a reward for their kindness in eeding territory to the railroad. He also announced that firel off a gun with real buflets in it. The Indians called Mr. Bartlett "Huste," which means "Wounded Knee, Everybody knew that Wounded Knee, Everybody knew that Wounded Knee battlefield was named after Mr. Bartlett.

Then the railroad man came out and said that the other man didn't know how to stop talking. The Indians hadn't made any concessions to the railroad. Then the real said confessed press agent announced that the choice of the entire bill of fare had been offered to the Indians and that they had elected only soup and beefsteak. Then he added that they would be found that high in the lower left-hend boxes of his temple of melodrama. The Indians chewed their beefsteak and said nothing.

They were at the theatre all right. Through the mosquite netting and transparent side of the windmill they saw the willain set fire to the mill end chop down the bridge, the only means of rescue. They saw the miracles of brivery and athletics by which the villain was folled, and whon at last the chairs and intughed. They laughed until the curtain came down and the orchestra whooped itself hoarse they leaved back in their chairs and intughed. They laughed hims over by saying that Indians always laughed win they were thrilled.

"Ask them," the reporter said to Interprete Bartlett, "what they think of the play."

The Interpreter asked the que

tion,
"Is it true," he was asked, "that the train
that they are to rob in their melodrama is to be
a C. R. L. and P. train f The interpreter turned to the associated press areats. They had gone. They couldn't be stopped except to say that they hadn't anything to say about it yet.

JULIA DEAN'S GRAVE.

Woman Unmarked by a Stone. PORT JERVIS, Sept. 4 .- In the cemetery of this

place, in an unmarked grave, lies the body of a woman who was once a brilliant figure on the American stage. The grave is that of Julia Dean, who in her time was one of the most beautiful women of the American stage, as well as the possessor of talents that made her conspicuous among her associates. There was for a long time uncertainty as to

where she was buried. She died in New York in 1868, and her body was placed first, with that of the little child whose birth cost her life, in the old Marble Compacty in Second street. After its removal from that place it was brought to the cemetery here, but the only identification of the spot where it lies is found in the records of the cemetery. The old keeper of the cemetery can add to the bald facts some reminiscence of the day on which she was brought here. He can still recall the little crowd of mourners-all of them at that time eminent on the stage-who came here and watched the unmarked grave

shaped over her.
It is in one of the most attractive parts of the cemetery that the grave is situated, but its natural beauties are all that serve to distinguish it. At the foot of the grave lies the body of her child, who was not long enough in this world to need a name. In the registry of the cometery is this entry:

this entry:

Name-Julia Dean-Havne-Cooper.

Place and time of nativity—Pleasant Valley, new
Foughkersete, N. Y., July Et., 18:00.

Names of parents—Edwin and Julia Dean.

Ag.—Thirty-five years.

Place and date of death—New York city, May 18.

1806.
Cause of death—Childbirth,
Record husband's name—James G. Cooper,
Buried in Lot No. 5, Section B, owned by her father
inclast, Matthew H.Cooper,
Hemsins of deceased first placed in the Marble
Cemetary general receiving vanit, Second street,
New York city. Transferred to Laurel Grove Cametery, Port Jervis, April 16, 180c.

The fact that a woman once so distinguished in her profession lies to day in an unmarked grave is attributed to the fact that before her death most of the property that her relatives had owned was swept away, and they were left had owned was swept away, and they were left in very straitened circumstances. Now they are all dead. While they were in better cir-cumstances the lot in the cemetery here was purebased, but when they became impoverished and left the town it was not possible to put a stone over her grave. Her companions on the stage evidently thought that her family had at-tended to this, and the grave today, for one reason or another, looks little like the resting place of a woman who was once so much praised and admired.

Julia Dean was the daughter of Julia Drake, of whom it has been written that "she was the

Phinck Hall is the flucat of these. It is built of blue lava and its general plan is that of a semicircle with different rooms opening from the main entrance. It contains an assembly hall in which there is a pipe organ, the giff of Mrs. S. N. C stier a small art collection, the library, the Presided's room, and cight recitation rooms. In the done is the observatory, containing a six inch telescope, and the besement contains store rooms, photograph rooms, and the landor's quarters. The building was the sift of Charles R. Hishop.

Board in this college costs \$5 a week for girls and \$4.50 a work for boys, and tuition costs but 50 cents a week. Girls have rooms in the main hall and the boys in Hole and Rico and the lack. She continued to play for several years old, the part of Lady Ellen in The Lady of the Lake. She continued to the boys' rooms are not. The college has not sufficiently and talents wonful recognition. Then she was only 15 years old, and the sense only 20 are boarding higher, it costs only \$750 to establish a free scholarship in this college, and there are aircally twenty-eight of these only \$750 to establish a free scholarship in this college, and there are aircally twenty-eight of these only \$750 to establish a free scholarship in this college, and there are aircally twenty-eight of these and yellow the proposition of these and yellow the proposition of these and yellow the proposition of the parts of the parts that was chiefly assentiated by the proposition of the parts that was chiefly assentiated by the proposition of the parts of the parts of the parts of the parts of the sense of the parts of the part of Lady Ellen in The Lady of the Lake. She continued to play for several years of the parts of the p